

SYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army, on his way to Fort Harmar, meets Simon Girty, a renegade whose name has been counected with all manner of atrocities, also headed for Fort Harmar, with a message from the British general. Hamilton. Hayward guides him to the fort. At General Harmar's headquarters Hayward meets Rene D'Auvray, who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before. Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Harmar te Sandusky, where Hamilton is stationed. The northwest Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the tylendly Wyandots to join. The latter are femanding the return of Wa-pa-tee-tah, a religious teacher, whem they believe to be a prisoner. Hayward's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Reneasks Hayward to let her accompany him. She tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot and a missionary among the Indians. She has been in search of her father. She insists that she has seen Hayward before, but in a British uniform. Hayward refuses her request and starts for the north accompanied by a scout named Brady and a private soldier. They come on the trail of a war party and to escape from the Indians take shelter in a hut on an island. Hayward finds a murdered man in the hut. It proves to be Raoul D'Auvray, a former French officer who is called by the Wyandots "white chief." Rene appears and Hayward is puzzled by her insistance that they have met before. Rene recognizes the murdered man as her father, who was known among the Indians as Wa-pa-tee-tah. She tells Hayward her father, who was known among the Indians as Wa-pa-tee-tah. She tells Hayward her father, who was known among the Indians as Wa-pa-tee-tah. She tells Hayward her father was exiled from the French court and "I spent his life amons the Indians as Wa-pa-tee-tah. She tells Hayward her father was exiled from the French court and "I spent his life amons the lidians as Wa-pa-tee-tah. She tells Hayward her f

CHAPTER X .- Continued.

Brady flung forward his rifle, yet hesitated, fearing to fire. Whatever it might be-animal or man-the thing was coming directly toward us, swimming with long, stringy locks of wet hair dangling to the shoulders. It was a man beyond doubt, yet for the instant I could not determine whether red or white. As he stood there sunk to his armpits in water, he beheld us for the first time, and there burst from his lips a sudden, guttural exclamation of alarm. With the strange sound Schultz leaped forward, lumbering against me as he passed, and splashed his way out toward the fellow, uttering some exclamation in his native tongue. He reached him, the two voices greeting each other.

"Well!" exclaimed Brady in disgust. "If it ain't another Dutchman. Come in here, you!"

The two waded ashore onto the sand, Schultz's heavy hand grasping his companion's arm, and helping him along. I saw a face white and ghastly in the starlight, lean, smooth-shaven, looking emaciated against the long, dark hair, the eyes bright with fanaticism. He was a tall, spare man, shak-

"Don't be afraid," I said soothingly. "We're all white. How did you come here?

His eyes looked at me as I spoke; then shifted to Schultz's face in silent questioning. The latter was breathing hard, but managed to explain. -

"He not talk English ver' goot, Mynheer. I tell you vat he say mit mehe vos a Dutch preacher; yaw, mine Gott; yust over py mine own countries; he you named Adrian Block."

"Did he swim all the way?" asked Brady grinning, but Schultz kept his eyes fastened on me, held by the one thought to which he sought to give ut-

terance. "He vos Moravian, mynheer; vot you call mis-sonary-so? He von month in dees country, an' know only

to preach.' The girl leaning forward, interrupted with a whisper:

"I recognize the man, monsieur; he was the prisoner I told you of in the

Indian camp-the Protestant." "They lef' him only mit one guard,

an' after while, dot fellow he fall asleep. Den he got loose mid his bonds, an' creep down mit der shore of der lake where a boat wus. So he driff out on der water; but der boat leak, an' go down, leaving him mit nottings. Dot vas it, mynheer. Den he swim som' an' pray mooch, an' so com' here mit us, altready."

"Where did the Indians go?" "Up mit der lake shore-so like dis," waving his hand.

"All of them? The two white men also?"

Schultz repeated the question, and Block answered, never once removing his eyes from mademoiselle.

"He know not what became of der little man; he see him not for long while, but der big man he go mit der trees to where I could obtain view of Injuns-yaw, he tells dem der way. an' talk all der time."

"We have got the situation clear enough," concluded Brady, coolly. "Whoever that red-coat is, he evidently knows the best way to this island, and the fix we're in. So far as I can ing to my knees, and staring forward half dragged me over to the bench. see there is nothing left us but to fight. We can't get away now; the growth. At first I was not sure that boat is useless, and those injune have what I saw was actually a man, but blocked the ford. That's exactly as the object moved toward me, all where they are now, watchin' fer us doubt vanished. He was not only a to attempt to cross. The only question is: Where can we hold out the not clothed as an Indian; and, as he get to the stations; I'll-I'll tell you longest? I'm fer goin' back to the

"And I also," I said, deciding instant-

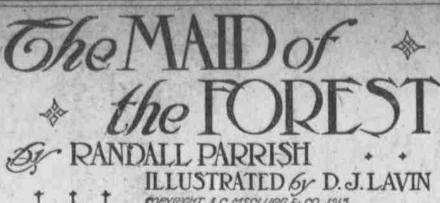
Magazine Cites Authorities in Defense

of Grammar for Which It

Was Criticized.

When some of our editorial friends

around the country were gunning for



you, mademoiselle?"

quietly. "Against your own people!"

murderer of my father."

"Then let us go back; every moment lost will count against us. Vick up name. I felt my blood grow hot with the packs. Brady, you lead off; anger. He would pass within a yard Schultz, take care of the preacher and of me; he was alone, seeking his way, keep his tongue still."

it, a few red embers on the hearth could get him it would be half the batalone shedding spectral light about tle. the main room, as we groped our way forward. There were heavy wooden the smooth bark of the tree, one foot pack on the floor.

at the blank walls in some perplexity. rifle flung forward. I dared not delay. You know this place better than any of us; surely it was not erected here | caught my movement. The gun butt in the wilderness without some provision for defense in case of attack. barrel, slid along the steel, and struck Are those walls solid?"

here-see."

shutter, fitted ingeniously between the done, we were together, grappling logs, revealing an opening sufficient for a rifle barrel.

"There are four along this wall, and above the shed roof."

sharply. "There is not light enough me to let go. I struck him square in here now to show without. Now, the face, a blow that would have Brady, see if there are any extra guns dropped an ordinary man, but he only in the shack, or ammunition. Lay snarled, and closed in, grappling my everything out here convenient. A wrist with one hand, the other fumbrifle? Good! We'll give that to our ling for a knife at his belt. By God's Moravian friend; he may be opposed mercy I got it first; yet could not to war on principle, but, by all the strike, for he had me foul, gripped to gods! he'll fight now, if Schultz can pound the truth into him. What is the muscles of his chest, the straining that, mademoiselle? Powder and ball sinews of his arms as they crushed in the big chest; show Brady where me. I gave back, down, my limbs it is. This isn't going to be such a trembling beneath the force with one-sided affair after all. Five of use, counting Block, who may not know body against mine. I had met my which end of the gun to point. I am going to scout outside and see when hose fellows cross over."

Brady shaded his eyes to stare across at me through the gloom. "You'd better let me go."

"No; I'll try it alone; get everything ready, and leave the bar down." 'You will be careful, monsieur?'

There was an unconcealed note of anxing so he could hardly stand. The I returned. "I know the duty of an brown paper, giving me a scant sec- stray ball found entrance, splintered

door behind me.

CHAPTER XI.

I Fight a Red-Coat. Convinced that my coming had not been perceived, and that no Indian



His Lips Gave Vent to One Wild Cry

scouts were watching the cabin, I turned and ran swiftly toward the pressed forward into the depths of the clearing. It was already gray dawn, woods, offiged to proceed slowly because of the darkness. So cautious was I, lest some noise might betray my presence, that I was some moments in passing through the fringe of glanced back across my shoulder, as I the lake, and the dark line of shore opposite.

I had advanced for perhaps a hunhad attained land the evening before, when I suddenly came to a halt, sinkacross a slight opening in the forest man, but a white man; at least he was hind me. I-I had to run for it. Getstepped forth into the open, more later what happened out there." clearly revealed for an instant, I could

offer them II Chronicles, 20:7:

ever2"

before thy people Israel, and gavest it of subjects, one in the second and one

to the seed of Abraham thy friend for in the third person. It seems that we

we'll do the best we can. What about | lightly enough, not the slightest sound betraying his cat-like movements as "I go with you," she answered he came steadily onward, with head bent forward, his rifle advanced. I felt sure of his identity almost at "Those are not my people! They once; surely he could be no other than are outlaws, renegades, led by the the British agent, whom mademoiselle

held guilty of her father's murder, the man who masqueraded under my own endeavoring to plan how he should The house was exactly as we left lead his savages to an assault. If I

I watched him closely, peering about bars to fit across the doors, and I se advanced ready for a spring. Some cured these as soon as I deposited my instinct of wild life must have told him of my presence, for he stopped "Mademoiselle," I said, staring about still, peering about suspiciously, his yet swift as I was, his quick eye swinging through the air met his rifle a glancing blow. He reeled back, "No, monsieur; they were made dazed, half stunned, dropping his own tight, so no gleam of light would ever | weapon, yet seizing the muzzle of mine show without, but there are gunports to keep from falling. I endeavored to jerk it free, but he hung to it des-She slipped aside a small wooden perately. Scarce knowing how it was

each other, the disputed gun kicked aside under our feet. He swore once, a mad English oath, as many opposite. At the rear you but I choked it back, clutching his must stand on the bench, so as to fire throat in iron grip, straining to force him to the fulcrum of my knee. Then "Leave that preacher alone, and he found grasp of my hair, hurling my open them up, Schultz," I commanded head back until the agony compelled him as if held in a vise. I could feel which he flung the whole weight of his match, and I knew it. Yet the knowle edge gave me fresh strength, flercer determination. The very conception

of defeat crazed me; my brain held no

thought save a mad impulse to conquer him, show him who was the better man! I wrenched aside, breaking that strangle-hold by sheer strength and wrestling skill. Again we gripped, gun!" iety in the voice that caused me to face to face, our muscles straining as glance back at her quickly in surprise. we sought advantage of hold. My ley, sounded without, the thud of lead "Be assured of that, mademoiselle," hunting shirt gave, tearing apart like striking the logs in duli echo. One very sight of him aroused my sym. ally," and stepped without, closing the ond as his grasp slipped. It was an edge of the bench, and flattened enough, I had him locked at my hip; out against the stone chimney. I yet strain as I would his weight baf- dropped to one knee, my eyes at the fied every effort. Back and forth we opening. struggled, crushing the bushes under foot, our breath coming in sobs, every muscle aching under the awful strain. Nelther dared loosen a finger grip, Our eyes glared into each other with savlips gave vent to one wild cry. Then ing on his stomach like a snake

> the ghastly light of dawn. strike if the man moved. There was forward his rifle. not a motion. I bent lower-the eyes black mustache. As I live there was us?" not a resemblance. Who was he then? I got to my feet and searched out my rifle in the tangled brush. Some noise reached me-the splash of water, the echo of a far-off voice. They were coming, the Indians; they had heard his last cry; they were already crossing the ford. I hesitated an instant, staring down at him, listening intently that I might be sure, then and even in the dense woods I could see to avoid the trees. Behind me rang out a wild whoop of savagery; they had discovered the body!

dred yards, passing beyond where we plunged at the door, and leaped with- cover." in. Brady caught me, thrust the wooden bars down into their sockets, and "What is it?" are they coming?" he asked. It was darker in there than outside, and I could barely perceive his face.

He left me, and my eyes, accustom-

are free to use our own ear and find

"Yes," I panted. "They are just be-



Brady was close beside me, kneeling on the floor, his eye at an opening be-

"See anything?" "There are figures moving at the edge of the wood." he answered, without glancing around, "but they don't come out so I can tell what they look like. The way your clothes are torn you must have had a fight?"

"I did-with the big fellow in a rec jacket. He's lying out there with a cracked skull. That is why those fellows don't know what to do-they're short a leader."

I got to my feet, and stared about, seeking mademoiselle. She was beyond the table, and our eyes met.

"You-you killed him, monsieur?"

"I do not know; I threw him, his head struck against a tree, and he lay still. I had to run; only he was not your man, mademoiselle; he looked no more like me than you do." 'You-you are sure?" 'Yes; I saw his face. It was lighter out there, and he lay flat on his back.

He was big enough, if anything larger even than I am, and gave me a fight for it until his foot slipped. He had black hair and mustache, and his face was full of purple veins. He looked 22, 1912. French to me."

"Yet wore a red coat?" "Ay! and swore in English, the one oath I heard. You know anyone like

There was a shot without, and the chug of a ball as it struck against the logs; then another, and Brady's voice tense with strain

"They're goin' to try it, an' ther's sure some lnjuns out ther; the whol' edge o' the woods is alive with 'em. Get ready now! This ain't goin' ter

be no slouch o' a fight." I sprang across to the nearest opening, yet stopped to be sure of the arrangement within. The gray light stealing in through the small firing holes failed to give distinct view across the room.

"Where are you Schultz?" "Here mit der front."

"Oh, all right; what has become of our friend?"

"He vas to load; he do dot, but not fight. Maybe dot help some, don't it?" I saw the man then, his white face showing dimly, and before him three rifles lying across the table.

"You found more guns?" Brady glanced aside to answer.

"The girl did; she knew where they were-ah! now the rumpus has be-

Reports, blending almost into a vol-

CHAPTER XII.

We Meet Them With Rifles. Small as my peek hole was, just age bate. How it would have ended large enough to admit a rifle barrel, it God knows, had the fellow not slipped yet afforded clear view to east and on the brush root, so that the added south of the house. As I gazed, strivweight of my body flung him head- ing to determine what the various long. Even as he went over, bearing movements meant, and from which me along with him, his head crashing direction to anticipate final attack, an into the side of a tree as he fell, his Indian crept out into the open, crawlhe lay still, motionless, a huge black through the grass. Others followed, shape outstretched on the ground in until a dozen wriggling forms began to advance inch by inch, hugging the I got to my knees, scarcely realizing ground so closely I could scarcely perwhat had happened, peering down into ceive their movement. I heard a slight the upturned face, one hand raised to sound within, as Brady quietly thrust

"Wait a moment," I called to him, were closed, blood dripped from his not venturing to glance about, but hair. I turned the head, so as to bet- holding up one hand in warning, "It is ter perceive the features—surely this a long shot yet, and we must make was not the man for whom I had been every one tell. Wait until the first mistaken! He was big enough, but fellow is half across; then pick your marked by dissipation, and wore a man. Who is at the loophole beyond

"It is I. monsieur."

"You, mademoiselle! Hadn't you better let Schultz take that place?" "An' why, monsieur?"-the soft voice coolly indignant. "Am I afraid? Am I unable to shoot? Why should I not stay?"

"Those are Indians," I began, "I thought-'

"Bah! My people! Those robbers and cowards. I told you there is no Wyandot among them. You will see, monsieur."

"All right then. I take that first one, and you pick the two to the left. Fire when I give the word. Schultz lay out one of those extra guns beside each of ran; burst forth into the clearing, and, us. Ready now; the fellows who are reckless of all else, raced for the not hit will jump and run for the house. I fell once, my foot slipping on | woods as soon as we fire; give them a hummock, but was up instantly, a second shot before they can reach

"Ready now!" I commanded sharply. "Let them have it-fre!" (TO BE CONTINUED)

Old Beliefs Lost,

Few are the beliefs and still fewer the superstitions of today. We pretend to account for everything until we do not believe enough for the humanity so essential to moral discipline. The phantasmic age has long been unfurnished of all its ingenious have sworn that he wore a uniform ing themselves to the gloom, began to garniture. That glowing day has set, ly, and as quickly assuming command. coat, with buttons that gleamed dully discern objects in the room. I got to leaving none of its ethereal hues in There is small chance of our holding in the twilight. He looked a giant, a my feet, still breathing heavily from our old twilight. We have lost someout long against those fellows, but great, hulking outline, but stepped exhaustion, yet with brain active, thing for which we have no substitute

NEWSPAPERS AND THE BIBLE | satisfied with these writers, we now | the ear when the verb comes along | to ear and visual imagination the in the second person. However, it Bible, Carlyle, Macaulay and Long "Art thou not our God, who didst admits that the personal pronoun has fellow can probably stagger along.drive out the inhabitants of this land in this instance for antecedent a choice Harper's Weekly.

> Meeting Modern Problems. "What do you think we ought to de Probably most of them will admit out whether it is jarred or not. As a with these gurmen?" asked one big

Ancient Calf.

Awkward mistakes occur sometimes through falling into certain mannerisms of expression. A parson had a habit of frequently saying "for years and years and years," in the course of a sermon. He was preaching on the Prodigal Son, and spoke of him sitting down in that far-off land thinking of the home that he had not see "for years and years and years."

That was all right, but presently he spoke of the welcome to his old home, and of the calf which his father had kept in anticipation of that happy day. "Yes," said he, dropping into his fa-

vorite cadence for the winding up of a sentence: "Yes, the calf which he had kept for years and years and years!'

SCALY PSORIASIS ON LIMBS

Then somebody laughed!

Troop H, 6th U. S. Cavalry, Camp McCoy, Sparta, Wis .- "I was troubled with psoriasis for nearly two years. Portions of my arms and limbs were affected mostly with it. It appeared in scaly form, breaking out in very small dots and gradually grew larger and white scales formed when about the size of an ordinary match-head. The looks of it was horrible, which made it very unpleasant for me. It

itched a little at times. "I tried several treatments which cured me for a month, but it always broke out again. One day a friend saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment in the paper and sent for a sample. They helped me, so I purchased two more boxes of Cuticura Ointment and some Cuticura Soap and they completely cured me. It took three months for Cuticura Soap and Ointment to complete my cure." (Signed) Walter Mahony, Oct.

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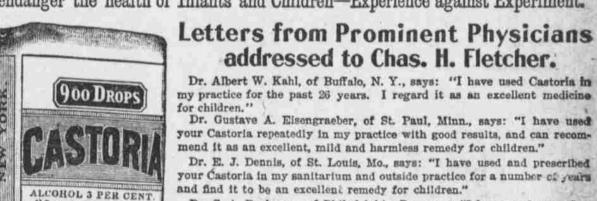
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